NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Ninth Page.

death of Alfred. Her greatest enemy has been fire, but the care and daring of her citizens have saved the records at each emergency.

Mr. Loftie has been writing about old London for a quarter of a century, and the reader of this book will hardly question that he knows his theme. In the opening chapters here we have a picture, drawn from the records, of the London of five centuries ago, the time when Edward III. was King. This monarch came to the throne in 1327 and died in 1377. This was before the hundred years of war called the Wars of the Roses, which ceased when the last male descendant of Edward III. was beheaded in 1499. The London of that time was almost wholly contained within the wall, which began at the Tower and ended close to where Blackfriars Bridge now stands. There was not much elbow room. The merchants lived in their places of business, and every house and street was crowded with citizens. They did not, as now, resort to the "City" only in the daytime for business and keep villas in the suburbs. Few except the monks and the day laborers dared to live beyond the protection of the wall. The poorer shopkeepers in Cheap, the men employed as porters and bricklayers, and unskilled laborers in general, lived outside the wall at Stepney, Stratford and Hackney. The reason that they lived to the eastward probably was that Aldgate, through which they passed, was free of the tolls which were exacted at the other gates of the city.

At the west, passing out through Temple Bar, one found himself in the open country. The road, now called the Strand, was a mere muddy track, overgrown with bushes and skirted on the right by gardens and thickets. On the left, between the road and the river, were a few half-fortified town houses of the Bishops, Exeter House, where now is Essex street, being perhaps the most important. Pleasure grounds and gardens surrounded them, and there were walks along the Thames like those still seen at Richmond and Twickenham. At St. Clement's Church there were a few houses, said to be the remains of a colony of Danes who settled there before the Conquest; many of them were pleasure houses and taverns, much frequented by the youth of the city, who came to drink of the water of the neighboring holy well, and to play at various games in the open fields of Lincoln's Inn. Further along came the Aldwych road, afterward Wych street and Drury lane, and further on one came to the Oxford road, near the pleasantly situated village of Holborn.

Beyond the road by which we went to Holborn, the foot of a narrow track called Hedge lane, running from the village of Charing, was marked by a cross sacred to the memory of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I. Some have fancifully derived the name of Charing from the French word *chère reine*, supposing a reference to Edward's love for his Queen, but it happens that the village has borne its name from Saxon times, long before the Cross was set up. Not far away was the great Reading road, now called Piccadilly, and near Charing was the magnificent palace of the Archbishops of York, surrounded by pleasant gardens and a park which stretched away to Westminster. This palace was afterward known as Whitehall, the gardens came to be called Spring Gardens, and the park was called St. James's.

Where the Nelson column with Sir Edwin Landseer's lions now stands, was an aviary or mews for the King's hawks. The word "mews" signifies, in the language of falconry, a moulting place, and is so used in Shakespeare. The royal mews were established in 1377, were turned into stables in 1537, and were taken down in the reign of George IV. It is interesting to know that there are "mews" in New York to-day, running off from lower Fifth avenue, and that the same are stables for horses, and not a place for hawks.

London in the fourteenth century was already famous for the importance of its trade. Cheap or Cheapside, was its great market place. It was a very narrow street there was hardly room for a horse to pass along at most points of it. There were shops and open stalls where all sorts of merchandise were exposed for sale. Besides Cheapside there were Bread street, and Milk street, and Honey lane, and Cordwainer's street, and Hosier lane, all strictly significant names, and Friday street, sacred to the trade in dried fish.

When it was found to be quite certain that the world had not come to an end at the conclusion of the year 1000, there was a great building of churches in London. Long before the time of Edward III. the number of parish churches in the city was reckoned at 126; and there were, besides, the chapels of thirteen convents and seventy chantries and chapels attached to St. Paul's The steeples of some of these churches were higher than any in modern London, and as there was little smoke to obscure the view in those days it is probable that the aspect of the city from a distance was very beautiful. Coal was still rare; indeed the objection to it, on account of its fumes, was so strenuous that in the reign of Edward I. a man was sentenced to death for making use of it.

Down to the year 1400 such things as glass windows, writing paper, and printed books were little known in London. Chimneys were often made of wood. Glass was very dear, and only to be had in small pieces, so that few completely glazed windows were to be seen except in churches. In the houses of some of the wealthy nobility sets of glass windows were made to be removed, and were taken from place to place as the owner changed his residence. Crockery was almost unknown, except as a great rarity from Italy, and a glass or majolica basin or drinking cup was worth more than its weight in gold. In the fine mansions a visitor would have found a strange mixture of luxury and barbarism. He would have seen the great hall used as a sleeping place by the servants of the family—the bare floor being their bed, and for a pillow a sheaf of rushes or straw; while in the chambers of the master and his equals he would have seen the most elaborate and sumptuous couches, ornamented with heraldic devices of the richest kind, hung with velvet or silk and constructed of the softest down. No looking glass, unless perhaps a small hand mirror of metal; combs but no hair-brushes; no pins, and for fire perhaps a brazier with charcoal.

Dinner in London in the fourteenth century was the middle meal. The Duchess of York dined at 11 A. M. and supped at 5. These early hours were general. The Judges at Westminster sat only from 8 till 11 in the morning. Pretty much all labor was done by daylight. Candle light was bad and candles were dear. The only other artificial light that was available was the light of the fire, which burned in the middle of the hall, the smoke sometimes escaping and sometimes not through a hole in the roof. This interesting sort of fire was used to warm the hall of Westminster School until the year 1850, if not later, and it may still be seen in occasional use at Penshurst Place in Kent.

There was no wheeled traffic in London in the fourteenth century. Many burdens were laid upon the backs of men, and horses carried packs and panniers. The roadways were roughly paved and winter mud and summer dust were proverbial. In the absence of smoke the dresses of all ranks of people were much gayer than they are now. Knights rode about in plate armor on horses weighted down under iron trappings, pages running by their sides, squires carrying their helmets before, and trains of ferocious looking soldiers tagging on behind. Monks in white robes and black hoods went about their errands, the Lord Mayor passed in gorgeous attire, attended by mace bearers and sword bearers whose office was no sinecure among the turbulent populace; gorgeous banners floated everywhere, and the chimneys and signs were of such an ingenuity and splendor as nowadays we never see.

Mr. Loftie's book contains thirty-two chapters, and it is copiously and very interestingly illustrated.

Indians, Trappers and Hunting.

In the days of our boyhood, when Indians were very living things and probably lurked in every nearby wood, we came to distinguish between three distinct regions and three indefinite periods of time. There was the last of the Mohicans that Fenimore Cooper told of and with him we classed Kings Philip and Massassoit and Samoset and the others that were in our school histories, probably because we were allowed to read all those books openly. We knew that they were mixed up with the British and the Revolution and that they lived near us. Then there were the Indians of the Dark and Bloody Ground, and of the Miami and the Wabash; they were the right kind, the best of all, for we could read of them only in Mr. Beadle's orange-covered dime novels that were taboo and only to be devoured by stealth under school-desk lids, or in the barn, or at night after the grown folks had gone to bed. There came a time when we found out that there were no Indians east of the Mississippi, but then we had the Indians of the plains, and Mayne Reid with the "Young Trappers" and "The Young Voyageurs" and "The White Chief," and the rest.

The Indian days are brought back by "The History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West" by Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden, U. S. A., of the Corps of Engineers. (Francis P. Harper.) The title is rather unfortunate, though it describes the work accurately enough, in that it does not suggest the wealth of thrilling adventure it contains that should send every boy to it at once. It is of the last phase of Indian life alone that Capt. Chittenden treats, and it is startling to recollect how in the few years he covers, from 1803 to 1843, the Indians not only disappeared from the whole territory east of the Mississippi, but dwindled to comparatively small numbers in the land to the west of the river. His is no statistical account; he tells vividly the experiences of the individual traders and of the advance of the great companies; the establishment of the Oregon trail and the Santa Fe trail; the story of every man of note, of every disaster and adventure. It is like a condensation of all the dime novels into one. He has hunted up evidence in all sorts of remote places and, where he sticks close to his subject, speaks with authority. For his historical introductions and explanations he has been obliged to trust to others often, and occasionally repeats a mistake. There is a natural blunder repeated, for instance, in the account of Capt. Stoddard's taking possession of St. Louis.

"The ceremony of the first transfer occurred between the hours of 11 A. M. and 12 M., March 9, 1804. The Spanish flag was lowered and the standard of France run up in its place. The people, although conscious that the sovereignty of France was being resumed but for a moment, and simply as a necessary formality in the final transfer, nevertheless could not restrain their joy at seeing float over them once more the standard which even forty years of the mild sway of Spain had not estranged from their memory. So deep was the feeling that when the customary hour came for lowering the flag the people besought Capt. Stoddard that it might remain up all night. The request was granted, and the flag of France floated for twenty-four hours over the city from which it was to be withdrawn forever. At the appointed time on the following day, March 10, 1804, the ceremony of transfer from France to the United States was enacted. The flag of the French Republic was withdrawn, and the Stars and Stripes waved for the first time in this future metropolis of the valley of the Mississippi. Thus St. Louis became perhaps the only city in history which has seen the flags of three nations float over it in token of sovereignty within the space of twenty-four hours."

A pretty and affecting scene, perhaps correct in the essential points, which it is a pity to spoil. As a matter of fact, however, the only France the people of St. Louis could have known was that of the Bourbons, and the standard with the Bourbon lilies was the only one they had seen. The tricolor of the Republic they did not know at all, and the France it stood for and the ideas it represented were infinitely further away from them than the Spain which it had supplanted. It was not merely the last but the first time the tricolor waved over St. Louis and it was less familiar than even the new Stars and Stripes.

King Edward the First.

There is always a temptation when a series of books has got well under way to fill the gaps with makeshifts that hardly fit in with the plan of the series. In the "Heroes of the Nations" series the hero-standard may be thought rather variable, and some "heroes" are picked out, it would seem, merely that they may serve as the central point for the story of a period of general historic interest. That seems to be the case, rather paradoxically, with "Edward Plantagenet. (Edward I.) The English Justinian; or, the Making of the Common Law," by Edward Jenks, M. A. (G. P. Putnam' Sons.) There used to be a hero Edward I., Edward Longshanks he was in those days, who went on St. Louis's crusade, whose Queen Eleanor sucked the poison from his wound, who fought against Simon de Montfort and William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and conquered Wales, and reigned fifty years, and was a just King. He had everything in him to make him a great legendary hero like Charlemagne or Arthur. The light of historical research has been turned on him, and Edward has been shown to be a very great man indeed. If Richard Cœur de Lion in the lawyer's mind stands for "time beyond which the memory of man runneth not," Edward I. in that of historical students stands for the beginning of so many constitutional and legal improvements and institutions that Mr. Jenks's sub-title, "The Making of the Common Law" is hardly an exaggeration. But his greatness in constitutional history has thrown his person and his deeds and the legends that grew around him into the shade. Boys who read Mr. Jenks's book will hear nothing of Longshanks, but much of the struggle with the Church; they will learn about the Statutes of Westminster, and the Statute of Merchants and the Statute *De Donis* and *Quia Emptores* and the *Carta Mercatoria* and the Great Law Courts, and they will wonder why he is called a hero. It is a pity that Shakespeare never drew the picture of the great King, so that the historians couldn't spoil it.

Other Books.

"Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" has been so long a standby for students of English that it may seem difficult to understand how the work could be improved. The task has been successfully accomplished in the new edition in three volumes by David Patrick, LL. D., of which the J. B. Lippincott Company are the American publishers, and of which the first volume is now before us. Larger type is used, with headlines and catchwords in full-face type, and there are illustrations, in the shape of portraits and reproductions of pages of manuscript. A more practical arrangement of the material has been made; new historical surveys are prefixed to the several sections; many critical and biographical articles are new or have been almost rewritten; in every article corrections have been made, and many illustrative extracts have been changed. Thirty pages are given to Old English instead of three, ninety to Middle English instead of twenty, and fifty authors unnamed or merely named in previous editions have been included in the first volume alone, which ends with John Dryden. In the following volumes American and Colonial literature are treated as integral parts of English literature. In his preface the editor recalls the fact that 'tis sixty years since Dr. Chambers began work on the first edition of the Cyclopædia of Literature.

That the volume of "Miscellanies: Second Series," by Mr. Austin Dobson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is delightful goes without saying. It forms the eleventh volume of his collected works and includes both prose and poetry. The essays are on that eighteenth century England that Mr. Dobson has made his own, "Mrs. Woffington," with a portrait; "Dear Mrs. Delany;" "A Paladin of Philanthropy," who is Gen. Oglethorpe, the colonizer of Georgia; "The Story of the Spectator," "The Covent Garden Journal," and so forth. There are nearly a hundred pages of verse that Mr. Dobson's admirers would be sorry to miss.

The ingenuity of writers on nature in selecting new subjects is as amazing as the number of books about nature that are being published. The photographic camera is a wonderful aid to them in illustrating what they have to say and in making it interesting. An excellent book comes to us from Knight & Millet, Boston. "Studies of Trees in Winter. A Description of the Deciduous Trees of Northeastern America," by Annie Oakes Huntington, for which Prof. Charles S. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum writes an introduction. Trees are always beautiful, the lines of trunk and branches in winter no less than the mass of foliage and color in spring, summer and fall. Miss Huntington's descriptions and her beautiful photographs make it impossible for even city people to mistake any of our common trees, and they show their artistic poetry as well. There are colored plates to illustrate botanical details.

Wall Street now has its rhymed alphabet in the "X Y Z" of Wall Street, by A. P. H. (Stuyvesant Book Company.) Its harmlessness and general tone suggest that the author is a shorn lamb. It begins: "A is for Advice that I'm giving free; Don't monkey with Wall Street, Or you'll lose, like me."

With the epidemic come pathological descriptions of the disease. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons publish "Ping-Pong. [Table Tennis.] The Game and How to Play It," by Arnold Parker. The subject is treated seriously and, we should judge, exhaustively. There is a chapter on "The Laws of Ping-Pong." There are also many illustrations of players in graceful attitudes. A tribute to the cheerfulness of the game is the pleasant smile that adorns their features.

The range of school texts in modern languages is pretty narrow, perhaps because it is easier to "re-edit" a book that has been edited over and over again than to break a new path; perhaps, too, because teachers prefer to abide by the worn tools they are accustomed to rather than experiment with new ones that may not work so well. An innovation has been made by the American Book Company in publishing Gustav von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," edited by Prof. William A. Cooper of the Leland Stanford Junior University. It is rather startling, to be sure, to find the "Private Secretary" equipped with a learned outfit of introduction, vocabulary and notes, and become a subject for examinations, but a change of texts must be a relief to teacher and student alike. The American Book Company also issues Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon," edited by C. Fontaine, but unfortunately an inordinate amount of Tartarin had to be "eliminated" to fit him for the classroom, and cut down to eighty short pages he is certainly proper.

We have also received:

"Studies in Irish History and Biography, Mainly of the Eighteenth Century." C. Litton Falkiner. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"Charlotte." L. B. Walford. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"Secular View of the Bible," Constantine Grethenbach, M. A. and T. A. O. (Peter Eckler.)

"Flower and Thorn." Beatrice Whitby. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Spindle and Plough." Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Democracy." James Russell Lowell. (The Riverside Press.)

"Good Cheer Nuggets." Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. (Ford, Howard & Hulbert.)

"The Wide World" and "Northern Europe." The Youth's Companion Series (Ginn & Co.)

"The Leopard's Spots." Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Bramble Brae." Robert Bridges, "Droch." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Sin of Jasper Standish." "Rita." (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"The Bride's Book." Mrs. E. T. Cook. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Exiled by the World. A Story of the Heart." Elizabeth Vigoureux Imhaus. (Mutual Publishing Company.)

"Monsieur Martin. A Romance of the Great Swedish War." Wymond Carey. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Francesca Da Rimini." George Morehead. (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.)

"One World at a Time." Thomas R. Slicer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Nominating Systems: Direct Primaries versus Conventions in the United States." Ernst Christopher Meyer. (Ernst C. Meyer, Madison, Wis.)

"The Development of Cabinet Government in England." Mary Taylor Blauvelt, M. A. (Macmillans.)

Reprieve for Murderer Schaub.

Henry Schaub, a Newark barber who killed his wife and was sentenced to be hanged on March 28, after one reprieve, has again been reprieved by Gov. Murphy, and his death is now set down for April 25. One reason why the reprieve was granted is that March 28 falls upon Good Friday. March 31 has been set down by the Governor for a hearing in Schaub's case before the Court of Pardons at Trenton.

SCRATCHED A PROCESS SERVER.

Now She May Have to Postpone a Trip to Europe to Answer for It.

Robert Sheppard, a process server of 815 Hancock street, Brooklyn, showed a badly scratched face in the Yorkville police court yesterday and said the scratches were made by the fingernails of Mrs. Clara Wolf when he visited her home at 144 East Fifty-eighth street on Thursday night to serve papers in a lawsuit on a woman he expected to find there. He also showed a battered derby hat and said that the woman had thumped him on the head while he was trying to open the street door to get out.

Mrs. Wolf was held in $100 bail for trial in Special Sessions. She asked if she was likely to get a trial soon, as she wanted to go to Europe. She is going to take with her a three-pound Mexican dog, valued at $1,000, with which, she said, she won a first prize at the recent show.

SERGEANTS' GRIEVANCE ENDED.

Col. Partridge Will Put a New Schedule of Working Hours in Effect for Them.

The police sergeants recently complained to Commissioner Partridge that whenever they were working three-handed in a precinct, the time they should have to themselves was broken up so much that they practically did continuous duty. Col. Partridge has remedied this. Deputy Commissioner Thurston has arranged a schedule which will give the men their proper time off although it may not be at the regular intervals. The captains will be ordered to-day to put it in effect.

THE POCKETBOOK BAIT.

Pick It Up and Lose Your Watch—Mr. Kerfer Bitten Once, but Not Twice.

James Carrora of 112 Park row, was held in $1,000 bail by Magistrate Brann yesterday in the Centre street court on a charge of theft preferred by Carl Kerfer of 133 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.

Kerfer, passing through Park row between Roosevelt and James streets, last Saturday night, spied a pocketbook with a bill sticking out of it lying on the sidewalk. As he stooped to pick it up, he said that Carrora stole his watch and $3 in change and ran away. When he examined the pocketbook he found that the bill it held was a counterfeit $100 note.

When Kerfer went through Park row on Thursday night he saw near the same place another pocketbook containing a confederate bill and Carrora watching behind an elevated railroad pillar for another victim. Kerfer grabbed him until a policeman got him.

Stole Contents of Registered Mail Sack.

CHICAGO, March 14.—Some one by means of a duplicate key opened a mail wagon at 6 o'clock last evening in front of the Masonic Temple on State street and extracted a registered mail sack. The contents of the pouch are estimated to be of the value of $1,700. In the mail were several consignments of stocks and bonds to local brokers.